MARGERY;

OR, A

Worſe Plague than the DRAGON:

A Burleſque OPERA.

[Price 6*d*.]

MARGERY;

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A Burleſque OPERA.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden.*

Altered from the Original Italian *of Signor* CARINI.

Set to MUSICK

By Mr. JOHN-FREDERICK LAMPE.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. SHUCKBURGH, at the *Sun* near the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1738.

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The ARGUMENT.

MAUXALINDA, *enraged at the Falſhood of* MOORE, *retires diſconſolate to a Deſart, unable to bear the Triumphs of her Rival* MARGERY (*now Lady* MOORE) *who from the meekeſt of Creatures, is ſo elevated with her preſent Grandeur, that ſhe becomes a very* Virago, a worſe Plague than the Dragon; *and leads her Husband ſuch a confounded Life, that he runs away from her on the very Wedding-Night, and flies, for Quiet-ſake, to the Deſart; where meeting with* MAUXALINDA, *they renew their former Loves, and grow fonder than ever. Lady* MOORE *purſues them with the utmoſt Fury, ſurprizes them in the height of their Endearments, and ſends* MAUXALINDA *to Priſon.* MOORE *makes a ſecond Elopement, and ſends* GUBBINS *to releaſe* MAUXALINDA; *which being done,* GUBBINS, *who has long loved her in ſecret, courts her, and gains her Conſent.* MOORE

wants

wants to renew his former Acquaintance with MAUXALINDA, *but is repuls'd by her, and furiously attack'd by his Lady: After a smart Scolding-Bout they make it up:* MOORE *is friends with his Lady;* GUBBINS *is married to* MAUXALINDA; *and the Opera concludes, according to the Custom of all Operas, with the general Reconciliation of all Parties, no matter how absurd, improbable, or ridiculous-*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Moore *of* Moore-Hall,	*Mr.* SALWAY.
Gaffar Gubbins, *Father to Lady* Moore,	*Mr.* LAGUERRE.
Lady Moore, *formerly* Margery Gubbins,	*Mrs.* LAMPE.
Mauxalinda,	*Miſs* ESTHER YOUNG.
Herald,	*Mr.* REINHOLD.
Firſt Gueſt,	*Mr.* ROBERTS.

CHORUS of Prieſts, Huntſmen, Gueſts, &c. Conſtable, Jailor, Purſuivants, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Yorkſhire.

MARGERY;

OR, A

Worſe Plague than the DRAGON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Magnificent Temple finely illuminated, a great Number of Prieſts, Choriſters, &c. *Bride-Men, Bride-Maids,* &c. &c. Moore *and his Lady,* Gubbins, *Gueſts, Guards, and other Attendants,* &c. &c. &c.

CHORUS.

Triumph Valour, triumph Beauty,
Fortune now has done its Duty.

RECITATIVE.

Moore. NOW to *Moore-Hall*, my Friends, let's haſte away,
To celebrate this happy Nuptial-Day.

Cho. *Triumph, Valour,* &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Deſart.*

MAUXALINDA *ſola.*

From *Moore*, and my too happy Rival flown,
Poor *Mauxalinda* wanders here alone.
Their Bridal Joys are worſe than Death to me.
Alas! how cruel is my Deſtiny!

AIR.

The Swain I adore has undone me;
He woo'd me until he had won me:
He courted me, ſure, but to ſhun me,
And now from his Arms am I thrown.

Come Death, from Diſtraction relieve me,
Cold Earth to thy Boſom receive me;
Come thou who ſo baſely could'ſt leave me,
And ſhed one kind Tear on my Stone.

[Exit.

SCENE III. Moore-Hall.

MOORE *and his Lady*, GUBBINS, *Gueſts*, &c.

An Entertainment of Dancing; after which, enter Herald, Purſuivants, &c.

Herald. Moſt puiſſant *Moore!* Our Sovereign Lord the King
Hearing your Fame, which far and near doth ring,
Sends you this Token of his Royal Bounty,
[*Puts on a Golden Helmet.*

And

And makes you Lord-Lieutenant of the County :
A *Dragon paſſant guardant* is your Arms.
And hearing of your Conſort's peerleſs Charms,
Invites to Court both you and Lady *Moore*,
Where he has farther Honours yet in ſtore.

Moore. My kind Love to his Majeſty, I pray :
We'll juſt keep Honey-moon, and then away.
[Exit *Herald*, &c.

Moore. How comes it *Mauxalinda* is not here,
[*Surveying the Company.*
To grace our Nuptials, and partake our Cheer?

Lady. Methinks, in Manners, you might longer ſtay ;
Can't you forget her on your Wedding-Day ?
Ungrateful, —

Gub. — Daughter, ſet your Fears aſide,
For *Mauxalinda*, mad with Rage and Pride ;
Has, in a Hurry, pack'd up all her Things,
Her Cloaths, her Money, nay, her three Gold Rings,
And went away this Morning by the Carrier.

Moore. She's a ſmart Girl, ſome *Londoner* may marry her,

AIR.

Thus the Damſel young and pretty,
Quits the Country with Diſdain,
Takes a Trip to London *City,*
Nobler Conqueſts to obtain.

There ſhe Prudes it ſo demurely,
And ſo well diſplays her Charms,
That ſome Townling, moſt ſecurely,
She allures into her Arms.

Lady. All this is meer Contrivance and Deceit: With half an Eye I can ſee through the Cheat.

AIR.

Go, Cuckoldly Cull,
Follow your Trull,
I'm not to be made ſuch a Tool.
Sir Knight, I'm your Wife,
And, during my Life,
Your Worſhip ſhall find me no Fool.

Moore. I'm all Surprize! What means this ſudden Change!
'Tis wond'rous odd!
Gub —'Tis more than odd, 'tis ſtrange!
Moore. Speak to her, Sir —
Gub. —— Not I, upon my Life:
'Tis dangerous medling betwixt Man and Wife.

AIR.

AIR.

Agree, agree;
If not, d'ye ſee,
As you fall out,
Fall in, for me.

Moore. Why is my deareſt Dear ſo croſs to me?
I wou'd not be ſo to my *Margery.*
Lady. It might be *Marg'ry Gubbins* heretofore;
But now I'll make you know I'm Lady *Moore.* [*Strutting.*
Moore. Why ſo thou art: — But yet I hope, my Dear, [*Coaxing.*
If thou art Cap, I may be Button here.
Lady. You think you're Maſter now; but that won't do,
I tell you, I'll be Cap and Button too.
Moore. My Anger riſes: — Woman, have a care!
Lady. I ſcorn your Anger. — Strike me if you dare!

AIR.

You! You! You!
Coxcomb! Blockhead! Numpskull! Nizey!
I defy you! I deſpiſe you!
Do! Do! Do! — [*Exit Lady.*

Moore. Are theſe the Joys of Wedlock! This the Life
A Man muſt lead with an outrageous Wife?
Gub. Son! keep your Temper; — Let her have her Way,
Brides know their Power on their Wedding-Day. The

The Joys they give us wou'd be too compleat,
Did not ſome Bitter mingle with the Sweet.
This is ſome female Flight, ſome jealous Fit.

Moore. You ſee, my Friends, how 'tis;—I muſt ſubmit.

AIR.

So Hercules *of old,*
The Valiant and the Bold,
Who made the fierce Giants and Monſters to rue,
Was forc'd to rock and reel,
And turn the Spinning-Wheel;
So much cou'd a Woman his Paſſion ſubdue.
So Hercules, *&c.* [Exit.

Gub. Farewell, *Moore-Hall,* thou art no Place for Stay:
O, Friends! this is a diſmal Wedding-Day!

Melancholy CHORUS.

Oh ſad! oh ſtrange!
Oh doleful Change!
Oh, &c. [Exeunt Omnes.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Deſart.

MOORE *ſolus.*

FArewell, *Moore-Hall*— I now have broke my Chain,
I never more will darken thee again. (Devil;
This Woman has a Spirit wou'd ſcare the
Tygers and Wolves, compar'd to her, are civil.
Alas! what mighty Deeds have I to brag on?
I'm more afraid of her, than of the Dragon.
Sooner in Deſarts with wild Beaſts I'll dwell,
Than with that Wife, who makes my Home a Hell.

AIR.

Was ever Man ſo much deceiv'd?
Can ever Woman be believ'd?
I thought my Love
a Turtle-Dove,
And dream'd of endleſs Charms;
But now I've got,
O curſed Lot!
A Dragon to my Arms.
Was ever, &c.

Maux.

Maux. Cruel Swain!— [*Behind the Scenes.*

Moore. What tender, plaintive Sounds invade my Ear?
Sure Melancholy's ſelf inhabits here:
Approach, ſweet Warbler! thou perhaps may'ſt be (me;
Some eaſy cred'lous Wretch, deceiv'd like
I'll not obſtruct, but liſten to thy Moan,
Then mingle, with thy ſoft Complaints, my own.

[*Retires to a Corner of the Stage.*

Enter MAUXALINDA.

AIR.

Cruel Swain, ſince you forſake me,
I'll to lonely Shades betake me,
Like the mournful Turtle-Dove:
While my Fondneſs you're diſdaining,
Faithful ſtill in ſoft complaining,
I'll lament my hapleſs Love.
Cruel Swain, &c.

Moore. My *Mauxalinda!* O tranſporting Sight!
Come to my Arms, thou Treaſure of Delight.

[*Goes to embrace her, ſhe flies back.*

Maux.

Maux. What new Device is this, to mock my Grief?
Experience now has baniſh'd all Belief.
Moore. I own my Crime; O pardon my Offence;
I'm all Confuſion, Shame and Penitence.
[*Kneeling.*
Maux. O *Moore!* I lov'd you as I did my Life——
I'd fain believe you, but you've got a Wife.
Moore. Oh! name her not.— With thee, my Love, I'll fly
Far as the utmoſt Verge of Earth or Sky:
We'll traverſe ev'ry Sea, and ev'ry Shore,
And ne'er approach that hated Object more.

DUETTO.

Around the wide World we will wander,
Grow fonder, and fonder, and fonder;
We'll cuddle together,
To keep out the Weather,
And kiſs the cold Winter away.

When Sol's *ſultry Heat does invade us,*
Green Oſiers and Willows ſhall ſhade us.
We'll chirrip and ſing
Like Birds in the Spring,
And frolick it all the long Day.
Around, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Gubbins's *Houſe.*

GUBBINS *and Gueſts as from Drinking.*

1ſt Gueſt. Thanks, noble *Gubbins*, for this
Night's Repaſt:——
I think we've fairly made it out at laſt.
Gub. But why ſo haſty, why ſo ſoon away?
Another Bottle will bring on the Day.

Enter Lady MOORE.

Gub. What's this I ſee?— My Daughter!—
Say, my Dear!
What brings thee thus unſeaſonably here?
How could'ſt thou quit ſo ſoon the Bridal
Bed? [*Lady ſighs.*
A Sigh too! Tell me, is thy Husband dead?
Lady. Oh! ten times worſe!
Gub. ——— How can that be?
Lady. ——— He's fled.
Gub. What! before Conſummation?
Lady. Ay, to my great Vexation.
Gub. O Daughter, Daughter! if I right con-
jecture,
He ran away, to 'ſcape a Curtain-Lecture.

Lady.

Lady. No, he has *Mauxalinda* in his Mind:
Now ſhe is gone, he cannot ſtay behind.

AIR.

Wretched is a Wife's Condition,
When not Rage, or yet Submiſſion,
Can reclaim her faithleſs Rover,
Or to Virtue bring him over.

When ſhe ſees her ſelf neglected,
And her Rival more reſpected,
Oh! how great muſt be her Anguiſh!
Who can blame her then to languiſh.

Wretched, &c.

Gub. He's ſadly off; for ſhe, like thee, I fear,
May have a Tongue too many for his Ear.

Lady. Unhappy me! I came to be redreſt,
And you, I ſee, make all my Wrongs your Jeſt:
But I'll, through all the Courts of Law purſue him;
I'll rumage Hell it ſelf, but I'll undo him:
I'll iſſue out Reward by Proclamation,
And have him, if he's living in the Nation.

[*Exit.*

Gub. Well ſaid, my Girl— thy Mother's Daughter ſtill;
She had a Tongue moſt exquiſitely ſhrill.

[*Horn ſounds.*

But hark! the jolly Huntſman's Horn
Gives Notice of approaching Morn:
Let's loſe no Moment of Delight,
But hunt all Day, as we have drank all Night.

AIR.

Come follow, brave Boys, to the Chace,
For Morning breaks on us apace;
The Fogs and the Miſt diſappear,
The Dawn is delightfully clear.
The Hounds are uncoupled, then haſt and away,
You'll loſe all the Sport, if you longer delay.
What, what are your Opera's to me,
But Tweedlecum-Tweedlecum-twee:
No Muſick, that's under the Sky,
Can equal the Hounds at full Cry.
Then a Fig for Italians, *their Squeak and their Squawl,*
One true Engliſh *Sportſman ſhall dumbfound 'em all.*

Omnes, Hiddow, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Deſart.*

MOORE *and* MAUXALINDA *embracing.*

DUETTO.

Maux. *By theſe Arms, that round thee twine*
Like the ever-circling Vine:
By this tender fond Embrace,
Nothing ſhall my Love efface.

Moore. *By the Nectar, which I ſip*
From thy ſoft and ruby Lip,
Never, never will I leave thee,
Never, never more deceive thee.

Enter Lady MOORE *with Conſtable, Guards, &c. and ſurprizes 'em.*

Lady. So, ſo, my pretty Turtles, are you there——
I've caught you napping, as *Moſs* caught his Mare.
Sir, that's your Priſoner—— [*To Conſtable.*
Take my Lady Stock, [*To* Maux.
Make her beat Hemp, and chain her to the Block.

[Mauxalinda *is carried off*; Moore *ſtrives to follow, but is prevented by his Lady.*

For

For you, Sir Knight, come Home, and
mind your Duty;
I'll teach you to run rambling after Beauty.

DUETTO.

Lady. *O ungrateful! to deceive me,*
Thus to rob me of Content.
Moore. *O moſt hateful! leave me, leave me,*
You my Anger but augment.
Lady. *Faithleſs Traytor!*
Moore. *Plague of Nature!*
Lady. *Where's your Conſcience?*
Moore. *Curſe your Nonſenſe!*
Let me go, Let me go. [Struggling.
Lady. *No, no, no; No, no, no.*
O ungrateful, &c.

[Exeunt.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

GUBBINS's *Houſe.*

GUBBINS *and* MOORE.

Moore. OH, Sir! here's been a moſt confounded Rout——
Mauxy's in Hold, and you muſt bring her out.
As ſhe and I, like Turtles of a feather,
Were cooing in the Wilderneſs together,
My Lady came with *Poſſe Comitatus*,
And ſent poor *Mauxalinda* to the Gatehouſe.

Gub. I cannot bear ſhe ſhould a Priſoner be——
I'll tear the Jail down, but I'll ſet her free.
[*Exit.*

MOORE ſolus.

Was ever Man ſo hamper'd with a Wife?
Patience, ye Gods! but I am link'd for Life:

The

The Knot's too faſt, 'tis needleſs to complain;
I wiſh the *Dragon* were alive again.

AIR.

The Lion in Battle engag'd,
When he fills all the Foreſt with Dread,
Is a Lamb to a Woman enrag'd,
If once Jealouſy gets in her Head.

Her Soul's on a Ferment of Fury,
No ſoothing the Tempeſt can ſtill;
She values no Law, Judge or Jury,
Her darling Revenge to fulfill.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *A Priſon.*

MAUXALINDA *in Chains.*

AIR.

O piercing Anguiſh!
O cruel Deſtiny!
Here muſt I languiſh
For Loſs of Liberty.

[Enter Lady *Moore.*

So,

So, Madam, — How d'ye like your ſtately Lodging?
Is not this better than in Deſarts dodging?

Maux. Madam, I ſee through all your ſaucy Sneer —
You may provoke my Scorn, but not my Fear.

Lady. Your boaſted Courage I'm reſolv'd to try.
Behold this Dagger, and prepare to die.

[*Draws a Dagger.*

DUETTO.

Maux. *Since you've robb'd me of my Treaſure,*
Life is now no more a Pleaſure:
Death is welcome ev'n from you.

Lady. *Since you've robb'd me of my Treaſure,*
In your Death is all my Pleaſure:
Vengeance, Vengeance is my Due.

[*Enter* Gubbins *with Jailor and Guards.*

Daughter, forbear, and let your Fury ceaſe;
For know I'm come poor *Mauxy* to releaſe.

Lady. My Father too my Foe! Patience is vain

Gub. Marg'ry thy Pride, I think, has turn'd thy Brain.

Lady. I'll be reveng'd ——

Gub. ——————Nay, if ſhe makes a Riot,

[*To Jailor.*

Jailor, ſecure her, 'till ſhe grows more quiet.

[*Ex.* Gub. Maux. *&c.*

Lady MOORE ſola.

This is enough to make a Woman mad ——
I'll be reveng'd, if Vengeance can be had.

AIR.

Thus diſtracted, thus tormented,
Nothing ſhall my Rage delay;
Never will I reſt contented
'Till my Vengeance makes it way.

[Exit *Lady.*

SCENE III. Gubbins's *Houſe.*

MAUXALINDA *and* GUBBINS.

Maux. This wond'rous Goodneſs how can I repay!

Gub. Oh! you ſhall make it up another way.

[*Chucking her under the Chin.*

Sweet *Mauxalinda,* if you can forſake
All other Men for Gaffar *Gubbins'* ſake,
And prove to him a true and faithful Wife,
With all I have I'll Jointure thee for Life.

AIR.

AIR.

Mauxalinda *thus admiring,*
Does my Soul of Souls inſlave;
For her Charm of Charms expiring,
See her fond Adorer crave.

[*Lady* Moore *over-hearing.*

Maux. Since they've depriv'd me of my dear-
eſt Knight, [*Aſide.*
I'll marry *Gubbins* merely out of Spight.
And when I'm Madam *Marg'ry*'s Mother-in-
Law,
By *Jove*, I'll keep her Ladyſhip in awe.

[*Turns to* Gubbins, *and ſings.*

AIR.

Then come to my Arms, old Dad,
And fondle thine own dear Honey:
If Love is too late to be had,
Let's make up the Loſs with Money.

[They Embrace.

[*To them Lady* MOORE.

Lady. Why Father, what d'ye mean?
Gub. ——— ——What's that to you?
I'm old enough to know what 'tis I do.

Enter MOORE.

O joyful Sight! my *Mauxalinda* freed!
Thanks noble *Gubbins* for this gen'rous Deed:
O let me claſp thee to my Arms.

[*Runs to embrace her.*

[Gubbins *interpoſing.*

Gub.——————Not ſo———
She's now My *Mauxalinda*, you muſt know.

[*Lady comes up to* Moore.

Lady. How can you bear the Loſs of one ſo dear?
Moore. My Plague! my Bane! my Evil Genius here!
Lady. I come, Sir, a Wife my Right to claim?
Moore Of me you ſhall have nothing but the Name.
No Nuptial Kindneſs? ——
Moore.——————Not one ſingle Kiſs.
Lady. Barbarian, did'ſt thou marry me for this?
Moore. Henceforth no Husband hope to find of me,
'Till you more gentle and ſubmiſſive be.
Beneath one Roof, with each a ſep'rate Bed,
We'll live polite—and wiſh each other dead.

[*Lady aſide.*

[*To* Moore.

O,

O, Sir! your Looks, your Words have riv'd my Heart ——

No other Puniſhment, but Beds to part? —
See at your Feet, your Pardon I implore;
I never will provoke your Anger more.

Moore. What Farce is this! ——

Lady.—————— No Farce, my deareſt Life,
But a Converted and Obedient Wife.

AIR.

Never, never I'll offend you,
Or your warm Reſentment dare.
Ever, ever I'll attend you,
Your Content ſhall crown my Care.

Moore. Come to my Arms, thou Treaſure of my Life,
Henceforth my beſt belov'd, and deareſt Wife.

DUETTO.

O happy Transformation!
O ſweet Reconciliation!
O joyous bleſt Event!

Moore. And now, my *Marg'ry*, may'ſt thou ever be [*Embracing Lady* Moore.
As kind to *Moore*, as he is fond of thee.

Maux.

Maux. I wiſh you Joy, Sir! May ſhe ever be
As true to you— as you have been to me.
[*Aſide.*

Gub. Why now all's right,—— Call all the Country in;
Keep Open-Houſe, and let the Sports begin.
[*An Entertainment of Dancing; afterwards* Moore *comes forward.*

Moore. Henceforth let Diſcord and Diſſention ceaſe,
While we all live in Harmony and Peace.

Gub. And have of Wealth and Children great Increaſe.

CHORUS.

Strain your Voices, crack your Strings;
He ſings beſt, who loudeſt ſings.
Blow your Cheeks of Sound away,
This moſt Glorious Holiday.

CHORUS OF CHORUSSES.

BRAVO!

BRAVISSIMO!

CARO!

CARISSIMO!

A———H!

DOLCE!

BELLA!

VIVA

ANCORA!

Da Capo.

Il FINE.

CHORUS OF CHRUSSES.